ACCORD

Vol.1 No.8 [redacted]

$2.00

14 PAGES OF READERS PERSONAL LETTERS

SWAPPING THE FACT AND THE FANTASY

CONTINUING THE "DIARY OF A SUBMISSIVE"

WE ASK NEWSAGENTS TO HELP US PREVENT THE SALE OF THIS PUBLICATION TO MINORS

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR POLICY

We sincerely believe that sex is capable of enriching our lives with much happiness providing it is accepted as a natural biological function and is not overlaid with man-imposed guilt.

That for most of us the search for a fuller and more successful relationship with a member of the opposite sex remains one of our most important needs.

We deal with all aspects of human relations insofar as they are pertinent to the better understanding and sympathy of Adam and Eve.

We have no moral judgements to make on human behaviour and believe that it is impossible to state categorically that an objective knowledge of human sexual behaviour can ever be held empirically to deprave or corrupt.

We believe strongly in the personal commitment of marriage for the protection and security of children, the family unit, and for the growth of spiritual love between husband and wife.

We believe that sexual stimulation, in its own right, has a justifiable place in modern society because it can channel man's aggressive instincts into more sociable and less harmful activities. It can help to give impetus to his creative urges which are a necessary prerequisite to social advancement.

We offer no excuse for the inclusion of pictures of girls acting out the role of Eve. They present her in the role she often plays in real life: that of the unashamed temptress.

Finally, it is our sincere belief that the great majority of reasonable, adult thinking men and women agree with this Policy. The thousands of letters of comment and appreciation we receive each month is indeed proof our efforts meet with approval and warrant the support of a readership which continues to increase.

EDITOR

ACCORD

Vol. 1 No. 8

4	IN SEARCH OF RUBBER by Gerald Owen
12	SWAPPING — THE FACTS AND THE FANTASY by Chris Mercury, B.Sc.
19	ACCORD ACCOLADE GIRL
24	DEAR ACCORD Readers letters and experiences
31	DIARY OF A SUBMISSIVE
52	LESBIANISM IN ACCORD by Lorna Wilson
59	VOYEUR'S ROSTRUM

Publishing Editor: Beau Reynolds.
Cover drawing/Design Artist: Harry Fischer.

CONTRIBUTORS

Gerald Owen
Chris Mercury, B.Sc.
Lorna Wilson

Published by S.R.A. Publications, Fontenay House, 11a Creek Road, East Molesey, Surrey KT8 9BE. Tel. 01-979 4969
Printed by Waterloo Web Litho Ltd., 3-5 Valentine Place, London, SE1.
Distributed by Moore Harness Ltd., 31 Corsica Street, N.5. Tel. 359 4127
No responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited material, but all reasonable care will be taken, and if it is to be returned a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Photographs submitted for possible publication must have the full name and address of the photographer on the back and he or she must own the copyright of the negative. © 1973 Copywright by Illustrated Press. All material published in Accord is copyright and must not be re-published in part or full without the written consent of the publishers.

In Search Of Rubber

by Gerald Owen

There are a great many people today, both men and women, who have discovered the sensual pleasures obtained either from the wearing of rubber, or from seeing members of the opposite sex clad in it. Whether it is the everyday garments, such as macs and boots, a common sight in any village or town, or the more bizarre gear worn in the privacy of the home, it is rubber which dominates the sexual scene.

Up until a short time ago, the rubber enthusiast was inclined to believe that this was his or her own private fetish. To discuss it with friends would only invite ridicule, perhaps worse, and, consequently, a feeling of guilt was born in one. Now, thanks to the enlightenment which this modern age has brought about, the lover of rubber need no longer fear lest his 'secret' is discovered. Yet, even so, the contact with others who share this fetish is not altogether easy. An advertisement in any of the many magazines, whose aim is to bring such people together, is all right up to a point, except that it has the qualities of a marriage bureau, namely, you do not know just what type of person you are being linked with. In my opinion, it is far better to find your own friends in this, as in any other walk of life. It is far less impersonal, and, to my mind, it presents a definite challenge. One must, however, give some thought to the method of setting about this task, for you cannot just go up to the first attractive girl you see wearing a shiny rubber mac and boots, and remark, "I see you're a rubber enthusiast. Would you like to pop round to my place?". A sharp rebuff would probably follow, for even if she is one, she may not fancy you. On the other hand, she may just be wearing this clothing to combat the inclement weather!

Therefore, some forethought is necessary before setting out to find the type of girl you are looking for. A true rubber lover will settle for nothing less than the genuine article, nothing synthetic or plastic will suffice. His practised eye will detect the difference at once from a considerable distance.

A small town is probably the best place to start your search. A large city is too impersonal, and although you may see plenty of what you are looking for, the approach will be much too difficult. Girls are always wary of strange men in such places, and even if you both appear to be on the same wave-length by your apparel, it's odds on that the meeting won't be a success. At the other extreme, a village is far too small, and before you know where you are, everybody from the post-mistress downwards will know that a man has been looking for girls who wear rubber clothing, and you could find yourself in an awkward situation.

So, having decided on that small, but busy township, you set forth on your quest. It isn't much good picking a day in the height of a heatwave, for all you will see is cotton blouses and skirts. A cool autumn day is best, preferably with a hint of rain in the air, and then you'll see a bevy of rubber macs and boots. You must not, however, forget your own rubber clothing, for a true enthusiast won't really be interested in an approach made by a man in a conventional fabric. Therefore, clad as you wish to find your partner, you can sally forth.

You will probably find a score or more of such girls on your reconnaissance down the High Street, and your heart pounds excitedly. However, don't make a bee-line for the first one you see. You've got to play it cool and subtle if you want success, and you'll have to eliminate a few 'possibles' before you start. The girls with engagement or wedding rings won't be bothered with you, for it's almost a certainty that their husbands or fiances are providing them with as much rubber-pleasure as they want. So now you've narrowed your search considerably, and when you finally see that petite brunette, wearing the shiny red rubber mac with thigh-length boots to match, you reckon you've found what you're looking for. The next step will be the all-important one. You'll have to seize your opportunity as and when it arises.

A true rubber lover will settle for nothing less than the genuine item

You may be lucky. For instance, the girl you have discreetly followed down the street may suddenly turn in at the dry-cleaning shop. A hint of her destination, beforehand, may perhaps be gleaned from the fact that she is carrying a spare mac over her arm. If that is the case, you can follow her into the shop. You can always use an enquiry regarding service or charges as an excuse. Then, as she hands

she just goes in for wearing this type of clothing for the pleasure of feeling it against her skin, or whether she goes in for the more bizarre kind in private. It's no good frightening her off with the latter if she's only interested in the former.

My own meeting with a fellow rubber fan took place in circumstances when fate was very kind to me. I had set off on the type of search which I have outlined, but

Finding a fellow rubber enthusiast is akin to dating up an ordinary girl.

over her garment, you can show your admiration for it, compliment her on her choice of such wear, and then make sure that you walk out of the shop with her, showing all the common courtesy, such as holding open the door for her. You will know by this time whether or not you are in the running, and if you are, then you will have to ask her round to your place before she disappears whence she came.

However, things might not be quite so easy. The girl of your choice might not obligingly go into the cleaners, and present you with an opportunity on a plate. If she enters a cafe, then you can always follow her in, and try and sit at the same table. A conversation can always be struck up, and if you don't get anywhere, then there's nothing lost. She may return to her place of work. If it is one that is in direct contact with the public; i.e. a Post Office or a Bank, then you can inevitably contact her across the counter. If it is a private office, at least you know where she works, and you can utilise your knowledge to try and strike up an acquaintance in her lunch hour, or on the bus after work.

In actual fact, finding a fellow rubber enthusiast is akin to dating up an ordinary girl whom you have chanced to see in the street, *except that* it is a much more 'specialised' friendship or affair which you are seeking, and must be handled more delicately in order not to put her off to begin with.

The next step, once you have met the girl of your choice, and established that you both have made a fetish of rubber, is to cement the friendship in the privacy of your own surroundings, or hers. It is important to discover right away whether

had not had much success in the small country town I had chosen, by early afternoon. As a result, somewhat dispirited, I retired to the local recreation park to relax for a while, and regain my enthusiasm. The sun was shining brightly as I sat on the wide bench amongst a crowd of young people, many of whom were reclining on the grass. Suddenly, a thunderstorm blew up, and as the first heavy spots of rain fell, people were hastily donning coats, and rushing for the shelter of a line of giant oak trees. I was amongst the first to reach them, and, as I did so, a very pretty blonde-haired girl, with a shiny rubber mac, joined me, and leaned up against the trunk of my tree. I then noticed that the bark of this particular oak was thick with a heavy green moss, and some of it had rubbed off, and adhered to her garment. Expressing concern that such a beautiful rubber coat should be spoiled in this way, I hastily began trying to clean it off with my handkerchief. She smiled her thanks, showing a keen interest in my own coat, and soon we were conversing on my favourtie topic. Yes, she would be delighted to call round at my flat that evening, and discuss our mutual interest, she replied in answer to my question.

It turned out to be one of the most beautiful and exciting evenings in the whole of my 'rubber' career. After a preliminary discussion, we stripped to our rubber underwear, and my erection became even greater as I noticed her almost transparent latex panties, with a bra to match. She regarded my own briefs of the same material with equal interest, gazing admiringly at my hardness. Then I showed her my rubber-lined double-sleeping bag

and her eyes sparkled. Was I interested in rubber-bondage. I could hardly believe my luck, and without further ado, I produced my rubber straps with the specially fitted clips which enabled me, not only to bind a person hand and foot, but also to strap them to the bed. In this way, there was not the acute chafing and discomfort of ropes, the rubber adding to the sensual pleasure. We took it in turns to dominate the other, administering a playful spanking with a rubber lined table-tennis bat, and petting each other at leisure. My greatest thrill came as I lay there strapped to the bed, and my companion pulled down my pants sufficently to free my erect penis. Then, she turned away, opened her handbag, and withdrew a pair of very soft, thin rubber gloves. Pulling these on to her supple hands, she began to play with such perfection as I have never before experienced. It was as though, at one stage, she was stretching me an extra couple of inches. Suddenly, I had to ask her to stop as I felt an orgasm nearing, and I wished to prolong our pleasure as much as possible. When the roles were reversed, she asked me to wear her gloves, and caress the protruding nipples of her breasts, and then to excite her almost to the point of an orgasm.

We spent almost two hours in the throes of these highly erotic rubber sensations, and then, finally, when we both felt that we could contain ourselves no longer, we stripped naked, and climbed into the refreshing sensuousness of that rubber-lined sleeping bag. The thought of all that had just gone before afforded me one of the finest orgasms I have ever experienced. In fact, we both came together, she judging my eruption to the very second, and writhing in pleasure with me in this 'rubber' climax.

Often, in a search for girls in rubber, one finds the enthusiast who is not seeking intercourse, but preferring the pleasures of touch alone. I once became very friendly with one of these, and found it rather frustrating at times when I failed to seduce her. Our favourite pastime was, as we stood kissing each other goodnight in the alley which adjoined her parents' terraced house, to rub ourselves against each other, bringing my loins as close to her rubber-covered crotch as possible, until finally we both came in this manner.

Once I had completed my initial search for a fellow rubber-enthusiast, I found that these friends became more common. My girl-friend had a couple of acquaintances who also thrived on this type of sensual delight, and they, in turn, knew someone else who knew someone else, and so on. . . . Within six months we became friendly with no fewer than ten other followers of this fetish, four couples and two single girls. From this we formed our own 'Rubber Club', confining membership to known members only. This unofficial gathering soon grew to such an extent that we had to limit membership to twenty. I was amazed to find such a variety of enthusiasts, and realised that I was only one amongst very many.

In looking for girls in rubber, one finds a lot don't seek intercourse

There are many advantages with a club such as this. Meeting places can be staggered, using one another's houses on a rota system. The more expensive bizarre equipment can be purchased economically between all of us, and we can afford to buy much, much more of it. Those who have young children can bring them to the meeting house, and they can all be bedded down in one room, the parents then assured of their safety, and also not having to be home by a certain time in order to release a baby-sitter.

Thus, my own search for a rubber-enthusiast girl-friend has progressed from that one shy girl who would only let me enjoy myself by rubbing against her, to this highly organised private society which has had to have its membership limited. There are hundreds more 'loners' throughout this country who might build up something on these lines if only they would overcome their initial shyness, and go out and search for rubber-enthusiast friends, maybe they're just waiting to be contacted.

SWAPPING

THE FACT AND THE FANTASY

By
Chris Mercury B.Sc.

The accounts that appear now and then in the popular and sex press seem to take one of two stands on wife-swapping. First there is the 'Oooh, isn't it naughty?' department, and then comes the 'It can do a lot for your marriage' brigade. As you probably realise, both can be well-filled with fantasy and wish-fulfilment, and whilst the editors who print articles on this phenomenon can claim with their hands on their wallets that 'the case-histories cited are perfectly genuine', all they can possibly mean in the majority of cases is that the people from whom they got letters really did write them and that those whom they interviewed really said more or less what was printed. Very seldom indeed does one know enough about the personalities involved to know what really happened *in the end* — and, equally well, seldom do the protagonists who get their fingers burned ever mention the fact.

Why then do people persist in making up a fantasy about the idea? I ask the question because, in fact, wife-swapping is the most insulting thing that can happen to a marriage. The man who beds another man's wife is saying to his own wife, 'You are not enough for me' whilst proclaiming to the other man, 'I will now demonstrate that you are not all your wife desires.' It is often argued, of course, that people should not expect to be the all-in-all to one's partner, and therefore when this occurs it is alright to look elsewhere. In my limited experience, however, I have found that often he who wants a second woman hasn't worked enough to develop a total relationship with the first one.

This is not to say that infidelity is never

justified. I have talked often with men and women who by means of a temporary liaison have revitalised their own marriage, even if not immediately, even if not necessarily sexually. For example, we have the case of Mr. S . . . .

Mr. S. was not a strong character. It didn't matter, perhaps, for not everyone can play a Humphrey Bogart character, even if Humphrey Bogart could when he was not being a lot nicer in real life. But his wife wanted a 'tougher' man, and because she knew about Mr. S's ways was almost inadvertently scornful of his attempts to be anything else but what he was. Mr. S. eventually cultivated another girl and they had a brief affair together.

At this stage, 'I admit, I have to rely on

Mr. S's testimony, but in view of the aftermath I can well believe the truth of the matter. For about two months, Mr. S. had sex and companionship with this other girl, whom I shall call Pam. Pam apparently told Mr. S., "My previous boy-friend made love beautifully, in the sense that it was a thing of beauty. You have nothing of this. You are, if not brutal, at least demanding, primitive, and your loving is a fire that in time will burn me. I don't think our relationship can last."

It didn't last, but meanwhile Mr. S. learnt a lot about himself. He lernt that what had seemed to him to be gentleness was in fact inhibition, and that its initial release was both liberating and dangerous. With Pam, he practised controlling the fire that was within himself which he had never dared let loose with his own wife. He learnt to control it, not by *not* letting it out but by letting it out and then using it. He returned to his wife when Pam went her way, and Mr. and Mrs. S's sexual life improved, because the moment he 'let go' and became himself, his lady sensed it and trusted enough to do the same. The relationship held.

To double the strain by swapping, however, is far more difficult because seldom do the participants have the same needs or the same intensities as each other. There is an imbalance in most cases. Consider Alex and Alice (one pair) and Billy and Bella (the other pair: the only falsification that follows is that I have changed the names in all cases) . . .

The four of them were clearly extremely good friends. Social swapping was inevitable because the two men liked to please each other. Eventually, with tacit acceptance all round, the bed element was introduced.

Alec appeared down-to-earth in character, Alice more fantasy-oriented. Billy, too, was a fantasist, Bella wasn't. It seemed a natural to swap.

They made the mistake, however, of believing that (a) Alec was down-to-earth because it was natural to him, whilst in fact he was somewhat posing in that way because of other internal conflicts, and that (b) Alice and Billy were fantasy-oriented because that was their way, whereas in fact Alice was an escapist and Billy was emotionally pretty ice-cold anyway and was using fantasy as a pleasant prop. Bella was the only stable one of the group.

Alec and Bella fell for each other hard. Alice and Billy amused themselves with each other. But the strain was too much for Alec: when divorce was mooted, Alice realised that her dream castles were built on sand. Alex broke away from both women, treating them both badly in different ways. Alice began to rebuild her life on small pieces of concrete rather than on large clouds of thin air, and, miraculously, she survived. Bella burned her love on the funeral pyre of Alec's bad treatment of her and found a weird strength in Billy, who,

having no heart to give Alice, began to pick up the pieces fairly well with his wife. They're doing O.K. now. So's Alice. Alone.

This is a very different story from the type generally spoken of in wife-swapping tales. Here we go with another. Consider Michael and Michaela, Patrick and Patricia. . . .

This quartet knew each other less well as a group, but each man was powerfully attracted to the other's wife — and vice versa. They cross-slept, and after a while Michaela became pregnant. Curiously enough, although both men had at different but quite close times made love to her, Michael never for a moment doubted that he was the father, and Patrick was equally sure that he was not. Patricia, however, went practically out of her mind (because in fact she wanted a baby and in her conversations with me never seemed to worry about by whom). She went into a pretty deep depression, and Patrick bore the brunt of it. After a row with Patricia, he got drunk and 'had a car accident', the circumstances of which were never divulged to me. Patrick and Patricia moved away, and I have no more information on them. Michael and Michaela both reckoned that Patrick's accident was self-induced from guilt: notice that, for *Michael* was the one who was sure of being the father. I tried to do something for them, but they, too, have left the caravan-site where they lived, and neither have written for three months. Perhaps one of them will read this, however; I'd like to

hear
Fa
exist
very
ing w
and
blow
which
bed
ested
sugge
tween
and,
Mrs.
To m
from
was t
such a
comfo
husba
hell h
Wh
I talke
"I car
idea is
you o
into th
that is
conce
certai
and b
but no
delibe
almos
was re
Paul a
Joh
is one
falls th
any m
who is
insecu
is mor
captur
insecu
jealou
an eye
who g
with h
to get
Paul is
whiski
Joh
were s
and or
ten ye
pointi
a little
formal

hear how they got on.

Fantasies about wife-swapping certainly exist, as I know almost to my cost. In the very early days of my doing sex interviewing work, I got a longish letter from a Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, containing a blow by blow account of a swinging incident in which Mr. X persuaded his wife to go to bed with another man. I was very interested in the wife's reaction to a such a suggestion in terms of the balance between permissiveness and 'uncaringness', and, naive idiot that I was, wrote back to Mrs. X asking her for her side of the story. To my horror I received a blistering letter from the lady asking me what the hell I was talking about and how dare I make such a disgusting suggestion, etc. It hardly comforted me to think what a mouthful her husband might have got from her, either; hell hath no fury like a woman 'porned' . . .

While collecting material for this article, I talked to my own wife about it. She said, "I can't begin to help on this because the idea is so alien to me that I shouldn't think you or I could imagine ourselves into that world." As it happens, that is true as far as we are concerned: we can emphasise into certain variations of attitude and behaviour, and enjoy others, but not into swapping as a deliberate venture. Nevertheless, almost as she made the point I was reminded of John and Jane, Paul and Pauline . . .

John met Pauline at work. Pauline is one of those sexy birds who falls thankfully onto almost any man's neck at parties, but who is actually desperately insecure. To her, the chase is more important than the capture. Paul is also pretty insecure, and is decidedly jealous of any man who casts an eye over Pauline. Any man who goes so far as to smooch with her at a party is apt to get one hung on him if Paul is more than a couple of whiskies towards the breath test.

John and Jane, however, were stable enough personalities, and only the familiarity of ten years of marriage was pointing them towards seeking a little variety. John tried a formal pass or two at Pauline, who responded madly and took John somewhat by surprise. Emboldened by what he thought was his charm and sexiness (but in fact was Pauline's please-be-my-Daddy thing), he decided to go for the jackpot and, at a Company social evening, introduced his wife to Paul. Heaven knows what happened in terms of erotic chemistry. Paul and Jane spent most of the evening gazing into each other's eyes as if they'd simultaneously been struck by lightning. I know, I was there, pink with embarrassment because I realised that John's H'evil H'intentions had backfired onto him. Halfway through the dance, Paul and Jane sort of weren't there any more, and only Pauline's tiddleyness blinded her to their absence. John noticed it, however. There was no ugly scene, because John wasn't given to ugly scenes and he realised that his wife's behaviour was not typical of her. But I do know that after a while both Jane and Paul separately told

me that a certain darkened office had seen an unexpected bit of action that night, but that they wouldn' *dream* of wife-swapping.

What I am trying to get over is that so many people who have either tried or are toying with the idea of wife-swapping fail to realise that it can involve the whole personality, not just their sex organs or even just the 'sex part' of their personalities. If there are howls of protest at this remark from some partners who have successfully dissociated their sexual wants from the rest of themselves, then they must write and tell me about it. As I have said in a previous article, there *are* a number of folk who can divorce emotional inter-relationship from sexual relationship, and many who can't. What is more, I do not doubt that some people do have real and successful excursions into this field, The curious fact is, nevertheless, that when a successful partner-swap does take place, it tends to get permanent in that the original pairs divorce or separate, cross-marry or cross-live together. And I haven't even mentioned the complication of children. If reason be needed for this that the human organism has enough trouble looking after one partner, and to cope with two is just too much!

However, the *fantasy*-swap is a very different thing and can be under certain circumstances great-great fun. If I say that I know a couple who swap partners at least once a week, don't think that I am going to introduce you to the Smart Set of Mayfair. In a way, I'm going to do better by introducing you to the smart set of Mitch and Madeleine.

Mitch is into his forties, Madeleine not far behind. Mitch once told Madeleine that he had a fantasy to do some quite unprintable things to a certain famous film star, and Madeleine, giggling, said that this was alright by her because he had an equally fervid fantasy of spreading her thighs a little for said film star's husband. That night, in bed, Madeleine teased Mitch by saying, ''How would you like to have Brigitte in bed with you as well?'' (To be fair to Miss Bardot, I've changed the name here as well!) Mitch replied, ''Alright, and you can have *Mister* Brigitte as well!'' Both were, according to Mitch, a little too reserved to do any of the things in fact which they fantasised what they were doing, but as their mutual arousal proceeded, they began, first as if talking aside to the 'other' partner, to call each other by their fantasy's name. Both knew that it was a tease, both knew that it released certain inhibitions within themselves, both knew that as they moved towards climax they reverted to their real selves and the fantasy images faded gracefully into oblivion. But they had a ball.

It was this tacit pretence that 'it was happening with two other people' that allowed them to relax and de-inhibit without any lack of trust, that helped them to achieve a different success. In their case the choosing of two film stars was doubly effective because of the popularly-held (if generally untrue) folk-belief that all film stars are terrific lovers, used to indulging in anything that the human mind can dream up.

The fantasy must not be examined too closely, of course: I can just imagine that whilst the starlet Gloria Grope may in fantasy shriek, 'Tighter, tighter!' as Fred Splinge lashed her starkers to the operating table of her penthouse dungeon(!), she might just as easily clobber Fred round the ear, exactly as Mrs. Splinge does, before he'd got as much as one hand up her skirt. But then again, maybe not — which is what makes fantasy so much fun!

I would nevertheless point out that Mitch and Madeleine don't play at being (or making love to) Superman and Barbarella or whoever it may be all the time. Sometimes they play word-fantasy games on other themes, sometimes they make love without any accompanying mind-play, adding the entirely logical reason, ''Why get out of a nice warm and comfy bed if our minds can take us to the beaches of Barbados or the sex-prisons of pop-porn in a tenths of a second?'' — but word-play it between them, accelerating or decelerating their desires by the intensity of the word-play alone.

Now if the Mitches and Madeleines of this world play the *partner-swapping fantasy* in this way (in other words, whilst making love), then they'll suffer no ill-effects. And, let's face it, doing that rather than going through the ritual of a real swap has three advantages; it probably will help to get rid of any inhibitions that they might have, they won't upset — quite by mistake — any other couple, and it's a damn sight less costly than fixing up a real swap!

THE ACCORD ACCOLADE GIRL
IS AWARDED THIS MONTH TO THE FANTASTICALLY FREE FIONA

THE
ACCORD
ACCOLADE

FEEL FREE TO CALL
AGAIN FIONA

Nobody can truthfully say they are completely free of sexual questions and queries.

Readers are invited to use this section of ACCORD to write about their own experiences and to air their views and opinions on all matters relating to human socio-sexuality.

Those Mesmerising stocking-tops

Dear Sir,

Endless applause and sincerest congratulations for your four erotically unique magazines.

Mmmmm . . . it's marvellous being seduced by them every month.

Before I forget, I must endorse my husband's thanks (P. H., Lancs.) for including three letters in RELATE.

Isn't it sexily exciting to read the intimacies of each others' disclosures.

I bet a year's subscription that all readers of your heavily intoxicating foursome would agree that your rivals never so much as begin to approach your exceptionally high standards of quality: indeed, to suggest that any of those other magazines represent rivalry is to be pretentious.

How do you do it though?

Every issue crammed and packed with glamour and fetishes in spectacular variety; you leave nobody out — every kind of fetish conceivable is accommodated.

Now a criticism . . . will all staff writers and external contributing scribes note, please, that we ladies do not stand or walk on mere LEGS; they comprise components: sexy ankles, alluring calfs, enticing knees, even sexier lower thighs which lead upwards and upwards to woweee irresistible upper thighs.

You cannot dismiss such feminine intrigue with a single word LEGS.

Although I am married and will admit being 34, I relish wearing trendy and very revealing gear. Other men ogle, frequently, my upper unskirted thighs and my cleavage — most of which is always on view — between my thirtyniners. Other men's stares plus their over-active imaginations combine to please my husband with what he describes as "jealousy deliciously laced with compulsive voyeurism."

Gleaming white, very tight, kinky knee boots contrast blatantly with my tights . . . black, smoky, and American, deep blonde tan.

Since prying, ravenous male eyes positively ache to glimpse them, vivid scarlet, lemon, mauve and green colour my many knickers.

Wet-look. Tight. Belted. The lengths of my micro mini skirts in indigo and blazing white cheat a foot ruler by almost three inches.

Nine inch brevity features among all of my other micro mini skirts too: in rubber, leather, suede, vinyl, satin and latex.

I pride myself in offering very intimate views of the very tops of my upper thighs when I sit.

Don't tell me that any of your readers would argue that those three inch depths of sheeny, black, black, lustrous nylon stocking tops are not the most mesmerising part of nylon stockings.

Obviously, they are meant to be displayed.

So, alternatively, I pamper my long legs and my firm, but supple, lower thighs with the sheerest, blackest nylon stockings; their hypnotic tops cling for three inches up my upper thighs . . . leading to taut, broad, frilly suspenders — dividing my creamy upper thighs — then bikini knickers.

Either stiletto heeled sandals, mules or patent leather court shoes, their glossy surfaces sparkling, adorn my feet.

The hems of my short mini skirts and mini dresses flirt with the tops of my temptress's sheer, black nylon stockings.

Whenever I sit though — !!

The movement of sitting causes my short mini hem to slither northwards. I hide nothing. I display everything.

For the same reasons that writers oughtn't to dismiss girls' ankles, calfs, knees, lower and upper thighs as LEGS, neither can admirers of these bewitching limbs be categorised as LEG MEN.

Writers be precise. Of course ankles and calfs are objects of more than a few males' glances; but that certain thrillingly exciting sexual arousal begins, truly, north of girls' knees. Doesn't it?

Whenever I sit in a pub, for example, my husband always fetches our drinks. Nearly always, when he rejoins me he says, "Higher, darling". Which means that he wants me to display more of my upper thighs, even though my languidly crossed

legs have already caused my short, tight, provocative mini skirt to divorce those black, black depths of my stocking tops.

I ease forward in my seat, recrossing my legs; dutifully my hem retreats so that the entire lengths of my broad, frilly suspenders commandeer the scene in collusion with most of my upper, creamy thighs.

Men's eyes follow a pattern you know.

With a subtle discretion I watch watchers. First they take a lingering look at my stocking tops. Then they look away. After only a few seconds they glance again. This process is repeated ad infinitum.

North of girls' knees has magnetism all of its own.

I am only too happy to cater for it.

Sincerely,
Mrs. P.H., Lancs.

P.S. Thanks a lot for publishing letters from my husband in Search and Relate.

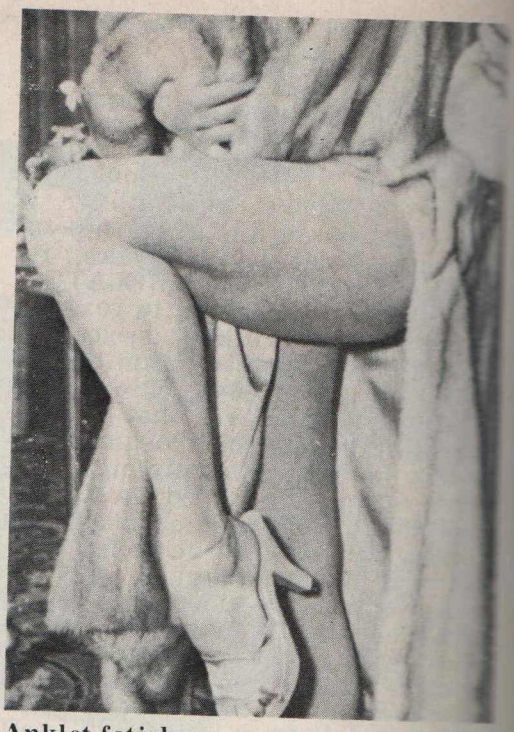
"Squatting" photos requested

Dear ACCORD,

Yes, please have more on playful wrestling in ACCORD. I like to see a girl sitting on top of a man astride his chest or girl on girl so let's have some photos of this. Models' or readers' photos and also experiences.

If you could get me a few photos or know of a photographer, please let me know as I am a reader and customer of your mags.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. G., Lancs.

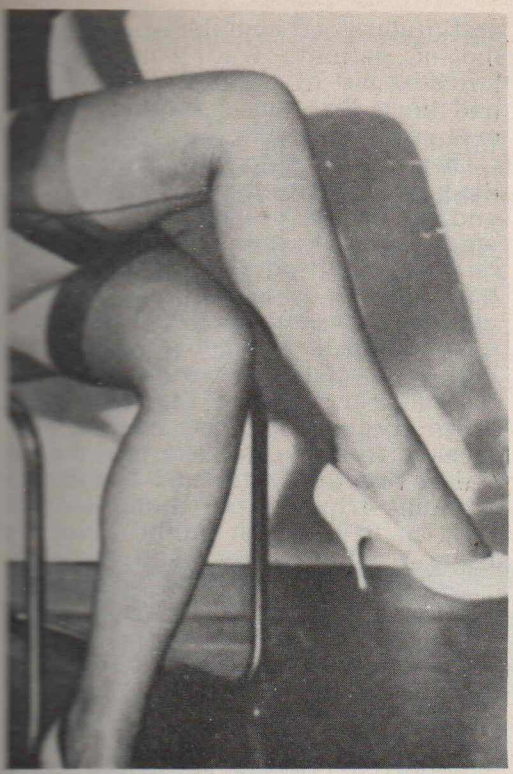


Anklet fetish

Dear ACCORD Editor,

I am prompted to write to you as I have never seen my particular fetish featured in any magazine (probably because it is, if a fetish at all, a minor one) but from what I have seen of ACCORD it is a magazine that intends to cater for far a broader field than your sister magazines, RELATE and SEARCH, which seem to lean towards the bondage and rubberware enthusiasts.

My particular interest is in exotic jewellery such as drop earrings, nipple rings, bracelets, but the item which really turns me on is the anklet, not the heavy bracelet type as worn by one of the models in ACCORD No. 1, but the slender gold or silver chains. Anklets as such have quite a history, originating as a slave symbol, then as a sign associated with prostitution and in the 1920s and 1930s they were favoured by many showgirls and beauty queens and between the late 1930s and 1950s were a fashion item for the with-it set. Many famous film stars and vamps wore an anklet at some stage of their career.



such as Pearl White, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, Alice Faye, Ava Gardner, Jayne Mansfield and Mamie van Doren. In England, of course, Diana Dors wore one for many years.

Anklets have in fact featured in two major films, Double Indemnity, insurance agent Fred MacMurray was captivated by Barbara Stanwyk's anklet that he went on to commit murder for her — the camera often lingered on her legs plus anklet of course. In Blind Date, Hardy Kruger was accused of murdering a girl in a flat he was found in and he identified the body as a woman whom he had been seeing. It transpired that he only looked at the dead girl's feet protruding from beneath a sheet and said he knew her because of the anklet she was wearing.

Please try and feature some of your models wearing anklets or better still, show some vintage pin-ups showing same. Thank you for an excellent specialist magazine.

Yours sincerely,
A.W., Essex.

Rubbering

Dear Sir,

After browsing in frustration for many months at my bookstall, I was extremely pleased to find your SEARCH magazine with the article by Heather Random entitled "Rubber Dub Dub", and then I also saw RELATE so I bought them both. It seems to me, after years of searching that these two magazines cater to my peculiar fetish of wearing rubber knickers. Letters from readers help me in the enlightenment that I am far from being the only one who likes the feel of soft thin rubber caressing my buttocks!

I have worn rubber knickers progressively more and more over the last twenty-two years for the most part secretly, but of course, "even the best laid schemes oft gang agley" as the word goes. How I started out on my life-time of rubber is quite simple — on leaving school at 18 I started dating girls seriously. Petting sessions soiled my underwear to such an extent that I was forced to enlist the help of a sanitary garment to quell parental wrath. The only sanitary garment I could find was a pair of baby's rubber knickers, which fitted me tolerably well. Secretly worn under my Y-fronts they were the complete answer. At dances I only wore rubber knickers. I got so used to wearing them that I found that I began to like and enjoy the feel of them slithering over my buttocks as I walked. Before I was 20, I was wearing baby rubber knickers from Woolworths, all day and after a dance, all night too.

One hot Whit Monday I went to a dance at the Locarno by myself and met a young vivacious brunette named Neta. She was nineteen and a student nurse at a Manchester hospital. We danced for what seemed hours — rock and roll — the sweat began to pour out of me. Neta was in a pure white linen tennis dress with a fluted frill skirt. I could feel the trickle of sweat running down the back of my thighs and soaking my light grey slacks. A quick look over my shoulder confirmed my fears — it looked as if I had wet myself, Neta

noticed the damp patch instantly, she moved into a clinch and whispered to me, "You've sat in something — you are all wet — or have you?" We finished that dance and went to the back of the hall. Neta asked me for my handkerchief and proceeded to rub the seat of my slacks. The way my slacks slid over the thin rubber of my knickers was enough to convince Neta that I was wearing something strange. She felt my behind with exploring fingers, she smacked my slacks and the tell-tale slap told all and sundry round about that I had rubber knickers on.

Neta began to giggle, since we had gone back to our place I knew for sure that I would be found out. I was complacent, the strange thoughts of letting this dolly-bird know I wore rubbers excited me immensely. I began to hope that she did too. I led Neta back on to the floor and she seemed excited at the prospect. For the whole of the dance, a waltz, we spoke of nothing but my rubber knickers. I told her I *had* to wear them. She told me she was a nurse and understood completely. She told me of patients who wore rubber knickers out of necessity. My secret had been discovered — and passed over as purely medical!

On another date with Neta, some days later, I had my baby rubbers on and as soon as we met she asked me what type of garment I wore. I could only explain that I wore the largest baby ones I could buy. She giggled and gave me a paper bag. Inside was a pair of the largest rubber knickers I had ever seen. They were pink and had rubber frills at the waist and legs. My eyes popped and a very strange feeling came over me. I started to breathe faster and I began to tremble. I had to put them on. Nipping in to the first public toilet we came to, I left Neta and went in. Hastily peeling off my baby rubbers, I put on the ones from Neta. Dressing again I met her outside — all smiles — the comfort was unbelievable — they were cool and large.

"That better?" she asked, "you can wear those in confidence, I bought them for you yesterday."

I had a good run with Neta but nothing ever came of it. I guess that eventually she realised that I was NOT incontinent, but kinky. Her nursing training and discussions about me in her common room with her cronies — nurses KNOW about rubber fetishism.

I continued to wear "her" rubbers till they tore and then I bought more and more. Now twenty years later, I still wear them but now I wear them continuously, a pair all day, changing into a pair for all night. When I need a little extra, I wear a rubber apron as well, under my shirt, and since I first wore those adult rubbers, no moisture has stained my trousers. So to all my friends they are un-noticeable.

But the stimulation and feeling of well being I receive from rubber knickers makes my incurable fetish worth while. I love 'em.

But I am still searching for the GIRL who likes wearing them too. I wonder if Neta did?

Yours truly,
T. S., Lancs.

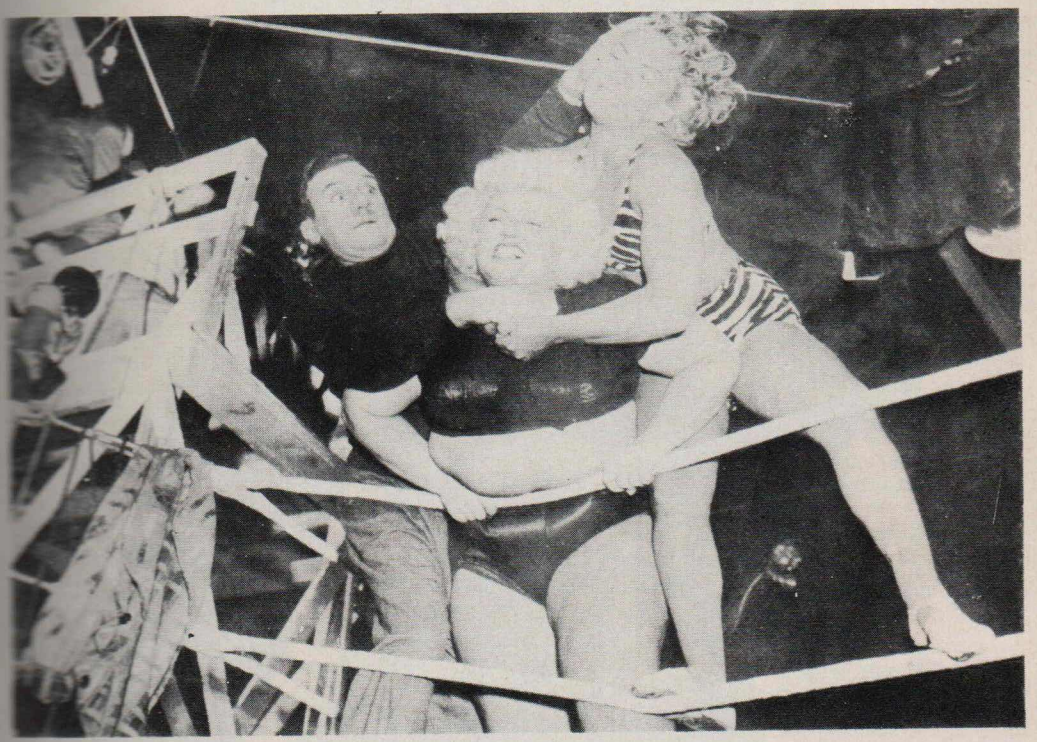
More about boxing and wrestling ladies

Dear Sir,

I was delighted to read the letter entitled "Boxing Ladies" from J.P. of Worcs. in RELATE Vol. 2 No. 7 but I missed the letter from M.E.B. of Lancs and the photos of a boxing blonde in SEARCH SPECIAL No. 4. Fortunately in this issue of RELATE you give four pages of girls fighting, even though they are only in the "Reminiscences" section and therefore rather old fashioned.

Films and photos of girls fighting are advertised in an American monthly "Wrestling Review" which is fairly widely available in the UK. Of the films available, there are far more of wrestling than boxing and there are not many really fierce and genuine seeming boxing matches — though there are several really excellent ones and as girls are generally more affected by a punch that does get home, they generally end in a knockout. The wrestling in the California supreme films is usually more skilled and serious than elsewhere. The girls in the amateur bouts filmed by Impact, for instance, though very pretty, often seem to be having more of a romp than anything, and seem to be more interested in removing each other's bra — an excellent idea! — than pinning their opponent or getting a submission.

There is an excellent picture and text feature in a recent magazine, "The Fighting Girls of the Old Kent Road", an all-in wrestling match between two girls ostensibly in love with the same man. For some years now there has been a small group of wrestling girls appearing around the country — Mitzi Mueller, Hell Cat Haggarty, Viv Martell, Catwoman and Paula Sivori. Earlier this year they appeared a number of times at Bognor and I am sure there are plenty of other places readers must have seen or heard of them. Unfortunately as the group is so small they



Cont. on p39

The Continuing Story

Diary of a Submissive

Here is another exclusive extract from a remarkable diary — the day to day record kept by a man who voluntarily placed himself in complete servitude of a woman. 'Paul' lives out in reality a situation which most restrict to fantasy. In these days when masochism in the male is on the increase we believe this document will add to our knowledge, and perhaps our understanding of this bizarre deviation.

'Paul' had already given some account of his life and circumstances in the first extract, published last month. He is incarcerated in a secluded country house in a remote part of East Anglia — and is the 'slave' of a 30-year-old Anglo-Romanian woman who is referred to as Madame D. 'Paul' has to write the diary in secret. He is some half a dozen years older than the 'Goddess-Mistress' whom he appears to hold in a strange mixture of dread and adoration . . . seeming to be held to her by emotional chains as well as actual ones, on occasions. No doubt he could escape from his toil, torment and humiliations if he sincerely wished. But, strange as it may seem to many, he makes no attempt to do so.

Madame D., we are told, is a lesbian, and she has just invited a young, pretty girl friend to stay for a few days. Her name is Kay and 'Paul', from previous experience, is well aware that he will be as much her 'slave' as Madame D.'s. 'Paul' accepts the situation stoically but with some apprehension, realising that, although Kay has had no previous experience with men of his kind, she has a wicked streak in her. Already, with obvious pleasure and amusement, on Madame D.'s insructions, she has given 'Paul' a tanning with the tawse.

'Paul' resumes his diary.

Already, I believe, I have mentioned that I am locked up every night, either in my bare 'room' or in a kind of cell in the basement of the house.

When the mood takes her, Madame performs the 'ceremony'. My male chastity belt is unpadlocked and removed briefly (for natural purposes) then it is locked up again. Sometimes, as an alternative, a ring is fastened around my penis, just behind the head, the object of both devices being, of course, to check any tendency to erection and completely exclude solitary vice. I am only permitted the latter upon her direct orders, usually under humiliating circumstances and in her presence. She realises, I suppose, I must have some outlet, even if rarely.

Sometimes, before stretching out on my plank bed, I am put into handcuffs or leg-irons. Or both. There is not only the discomfort of these during the night but they are a hampering inconvenience in the early morning, when I have a variety of chores to perform. Promptly at six a.m., an alarm bell rings loudly and a time switch unlocks my door. My day has begun . . . and my first move is obligatory. I must take a five-minute ice-cold shower in the cubicle adjoining my room. That *really* wakes one up! Then I proceed with my work; clearing up the dust, dirt and debris of the night before, scrubbing, polishing and so on. Then I begin the preliminaries of Madame's breakfast, which she will take at nine thirty, usually in bed. Prior to that, unless otherwise ordered, I take her early morning tea at nine o'clock.

This morning it had to be tea for two. I knocked and entered the main bedroom and, as I had expected found Madame and Kay sharing the large double bed. However, I had not quite expected to find them both stark naked, on top of the coverlet, in each others arms. No doubt they had had an early morning love-session, the blonde Miss Kay looked a little startled and half attempted to

pull a sheet over her body. 'Don't be silly, darling,' said Madame D., sitting up, 'there's no need for that.'

Her big breasts bounced and quivered with her movement. So did Miss Kay's, which were smaller and firm, like round, white cooking apples. Madame never had any compunction about being naked before me. In fact she seemed to revel in it and would flaunt herself provocatively at times, deliberately taunting and frustrating me. As far as I am concerned, she seemed to say, you might as well be a dog walking about the room. She would not bother to hide her nakedness from such a creature, would she?

Miss Kay smiled, instinctively adopting the same attitude towards me. I was not a man in the ordinary sense. I was a slave. Of no concern, she stretched, yawned and took the tea I deferentially offered her.

'Did you hear me give you permission to enter?' asked Madame menacingly.

'No Madame', I answered truthfully, but then, I rarely did get permission. She was usually fast asleep and I had to go in and wake her.

'That is a piece of impertience you will pay for', she said, sipping her tea complacently.

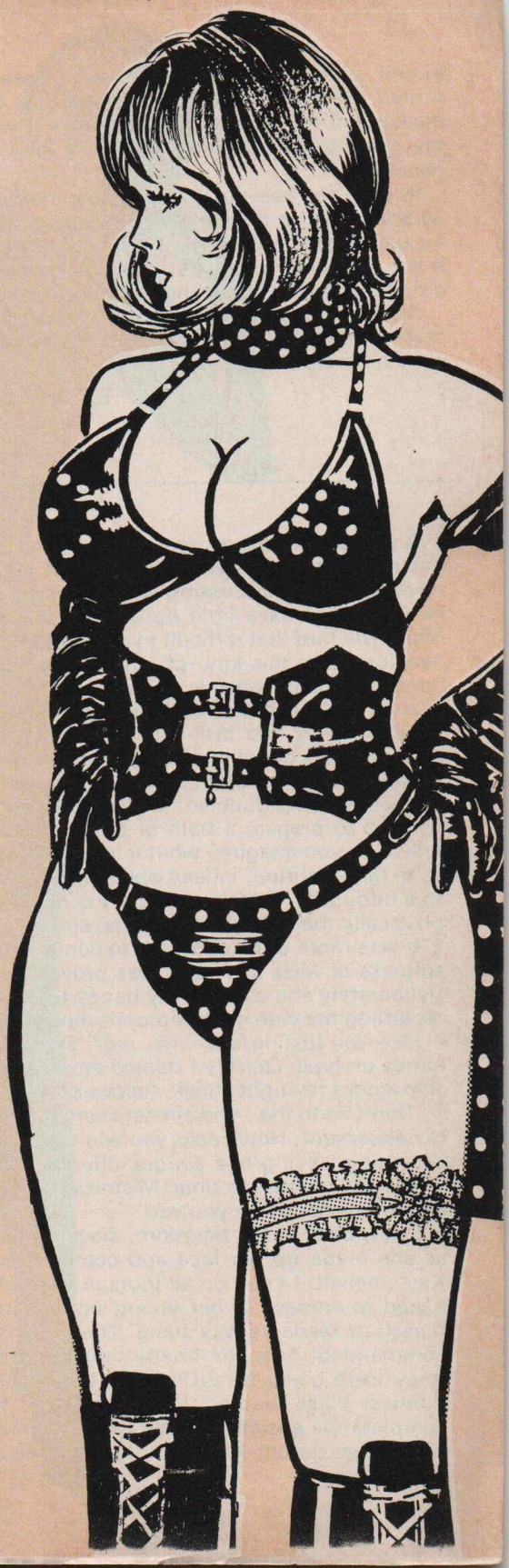
There was no point in trying to explain or make excuses, that invariably made matters worse, I knew. I stood there, meekly waiting, trying not to let my eyes stray too often to the lush nudity of the two women. Knowing the futility of desire, I tried to stem the lust that began to mount in me.

'Like some more practice, darling?' enquired Madame, putting down her cup.

'Why not?' grinned Miss Kay gleefully. I recalled how she had enjoyed wielding the tawse the previous evening. She was a vicious little bitch. It was a dangerous thought for me to have, since I had to treat her with respect and deference and be instantly obedient to her whims and orders.

'There's a hairbrush on the dressing table', said Madame. 'A long-handled one.' I watched the lithe figure of the younger woman slip off the bed, 'Get your backside up for Miss Kay,' said Madame to me.

I complied at once in the obligatory fashion, that is to say, on my knees, palms flat, nose pressed to the floor and rear thrust up to the maximum. I heard Miss Kay lightly tapping the back of the hairbrush on her palm. It was a heavy, flat ebony-wood head . . . and the fifteen-inch handle meant that it could be brought down with an arcing



sweep. It stung like hell — as well I knew. 'Ten . . .' said Madame perfunctorily and I gritted my teeth fiercely, determined, as on the previous evening, not to cry out for the pleasure of this little vixen. Somehow it was different to be punished by her rather than my true Mistress whom I hold in a kind of awe . . . a devotion amounting almost to reverence.

It was not easy to give vent to nothing more than gasps as the hardwood back whacked nor to maintain my thrusting posture and not twist away. Fortunately, being inexperienced, Miss Kay's blows fell rather haphazardly and were fairly well spread out. If she had laid on, on alternate cheeks, each time on the same spot, as Madame usually did, there is little doubt she would have had me yelping before she had finished.

After this unpleasantly warming opening to the day, I was dismissed peremptorily to prepare them breakfast. The day was long, unfortunately time now presses me and I can write no more tonight.

January 12th

A very similar day to yesterday — and very exhausting. It is hard enought to serve one mistress, let alone two. Miss Kay has taken to her new role like a duck to water and I have heard her discussing with Madame the possibility of obtaining a permanent slave like myself. I have little doubt that she will find quite a large number of 'volunteers'. Many will find that difficult to comprehend; I can only say that men like myself are driven headlong into this kind of emotional and physical servitude, seemingly by some inner force of irresistible devils.

After the customary early morning chores, tea, breakfast, and so on, I was summoned to prepare my two task-mistresses for their day. This regular ritual with Madame D. is invariably accompanied by frequent slaps, kicks and sometimes flicks from the slim whalebone switch that customarily dangles from her wrist. This morning the rebuffs and correctives were doubled, for Miss Kay was quick to take her cue from Madame.

I had to prepare a bath of precisely the right temperature for each in turn, Madame first. Can you imagine, what it is like to soak the lush, naked body of a beautiful woman . . . to be permitted, indeed obliged, to place one's hand *anywhere* . . . and yet know that that body was, in fact, *absolutely* denied one? The male chastity-belt served to emphasise physically the eunuch-like mental state one already knew existed.

It was more difficult for me to control my emotions when I had to attend to the blonde softness of Miss Kay. She was provocatively new to me . . . and realised it, of course. Deliberately she ordered my hands to linger where I was most roused, her dancing eyes regarding me with contemptuous amusement.

'Are you lusting after me, pig?' she asked at one point, standing legs a little astride, hands on hips. Quickly I denied any such thing . . . and at once received a teeth-rattling slap across my right cheek, followed by an equally vicious backhander across the left.

'Don't lie to me,' she almost snarled, 'if you're not, you should be.' Quickly I corrected my statement. How could you win with such a woman, I reflected? Either way one could be wrong. 'Lying is a serious offence, I believe,' continued Miss Kay. 'I shall have to report the matter to your Mistress. I should think it merits a caning.' She smiled. 'I haven't used one on you yet.'

Later, back in the bedroom, since Madame D. was occupying the dressing table stool as she made up her face and combed her hair, I was summoned into service on Miss Kay's behalf. I knelt on all fours in front of a full length wall mirror whilst she seated the naked roundness of her young bottom upon my back . . . and proceeded to beautify herself as Madame was doing. Then, with many buffets and kicks I dressed them as they commanded. First the briefly titillating bra and pantie sets . . . then the riding outfits (they were going for an hour or two's gallop) with their so-tight-fitting breeches of the thinnest black leather. I trembled as I handed each a plaited-leather riding crop to complete the ensemble. How totally dominating each of them looked! What could a poor male slave do but kneel humbly before such magnificence? Then to be kicked aside as

they left. But just before that moment came, Miss Kay mentioned the matter of my 'lying', and followed it with her suggestion of a caning.

'Quite right,' agreed Madame at once . . . and the familiar swarm of butterflies began their gyrations round my stomach. 'But perhaps a riding crop would be more appropriate on this occasion.' My nerves flared. 'When we come back though', she added. Relief flooded me momentarily but I knew I would have to endure the mental agony of a two-hour wait for punishment. It was a ploy Madame frequently adopted to add to my tensions. If any reader has had to wait thus — knowing the *certainty* of ultimate punishment — he will understand.

Around two o'clock the pair returned happy if a little tired . . . and without more ado I was escorted down to the Correction Room in the cellars of the mansion. Miss Kay had not been there before and was obviously most intrigued by the equipment and devices Madame kept there. (I will tell you of this room on another occasion.' This then was to be what was known as a 'formal punishment', even though Madame D. must have known I had not been lying in the proper sense. Thus my offence was trivial; indeed non-existent. The reason I was down there was for Miss Kay's benefit.

Briskly Madame buckled my wrists as I knelt and stretched myself over the curving block, which was made of heavy wood and padded leather. Two further straps fastened the lower part of my thighs to the end of the block, rendering me helpless, my hindquarters thrusting up conveniently for Miss Kay.

'Give him ten, my dear,' said Madame in that off-hand way of hers. 'You are quite right . . . lying in a slave is a most serious offence.'

As ever, I clenched my teeth and summoned my resolve to withstand the pain. But a supple, plaited-leather riding crop is a different cup of tea compared with either a tawse or the back of a hairbrush (both of which Miss Kay had applied to my rump previously). One stroke followed another in swift succession, crossing and criss-crossing. After three or four I was yelping loudly . . . and continued to do so even more loudly until the last stroke had fallen. The young vixen had broken me temporarily, but I think I was sobbing as much with the bitter injustice of it as the murderous throbbing of the searing weals that over laid me.

Still secured there, I was left alone for a couple of hours while they went off to enjoy the luncheon I had prepared for them earlier.

As is often enough the case, tonight it is less painful to write standing at my table than seated. Now I must finish. Deep weariness is upon me . . . and another hard day lies ahead.

Further revelations from the Diary of a Submissive will be featured in the next edition of

ACCORD

Cont. from p. 29

must wrestle each other over and over again and be familiar with each other's moves and abilities. Even so, on occasions they make some of their fights quite realistic, but generally the effect is more comic than exciting or erotic.

Your letter from M.H.L. of Wales in ACCORD No. 4 makes a good point about the very ordinary pin-up style nude and undie photos. The suggestion of models dressed to suit the more specialised tastes of your readers seems sensible.

On the other hand the drawings, such as Harry Fischer's entertaining fantasies and those decorating The Spanking and Slapping Synod, are most erotic. Might we have some by these artists of girls boxing and wrestling? Though I, for one, don't go along with M.H.L. in the request for submissive males — if only because such illustrations can only give us one instead of two delicious female anatomies to admire.

Another grumble. Whilst I'm not so smitten as T.P. of Sussex with the attractive young miss in your photos, RELATE Vol. 2 No. 5 pages 12, 13 and No. 7 pages 56 — 59, how nice it is to see some legs that are not stocking covered. Girdles, suspenders and stockings are traditionally supposed to turn people on, but they certainly don't me, and nor, my goodness, do those dreary directoire knickers which so many of your correspondents rave about. Perhaps my tastes are to orthodox but I like bare legs, very brief panties and moderately sized breasts (must the artists always exaggerate) which are often far more erotic if scantily covered.

Yours faithfully,
S.W., Sussex.

Dressing up and humiliation fantasies

Dear Sir,

I would like to know if I can be a subscriber to RELATE and SEARCH magazines even though I live in France. Do the extra postage costs pose a problem? I hope not because otherwise I can't get the magazines here and it must be admitted that they are both very good. I think the semi-fantasy articles in RELATE are especially good, notably "Prisoner of Thighs" and the "Mackintosh Fetishist". I think what especially appealed to me in them was the domination of these women over their poor male victims who were forced to accede to these humiliating punishments. One of the articles that gives me most pleasure is the "Confessions of a Knicker Fetishist" in SEARCH and the picture opposite the start of a woman with her skirt blown upwards to reveal lovely silk French knickers with lace frills, is a beauty.

What interests me most is feminine clothes — on women, or even more so if men are forced to wear them. Never any photos of men in women's clothes — are they forbidden or something? My interest in women's clothes goes back as far as I can remember. When I was a small boy,

my sister and I used to play dressing up with old clothes that were cast off in a trunk in the wash house at home. And the article that I used to wear most was a long pencil-thin white skirt. I remember it well, with three red buttons off centre down the front of one thigh. I had a drastic experience at primary school. I had been sent out of the classroom for misbehaviour and wandered into the cloakroom feeling I had been misused. While I was there, my eye was caught by one of the girls raincoats in maroon rubber-type material. I fingered it, felt the sleeves and buttons and felt myself getting excited. Unfortunately I took it off the peg and then I felt I just had to put it on. The material was crinkly and stiff and held me tightly when I fastened it up. Suddenly one of the boys of the class was there to tell me to come back in, a surprised look on his face. I struggled as fast as I could to put back the mac and get into the classroom fast, but the teacher wanted to know what had taken me so long and she learnt of the mackintosh incident from the other boy. I don't know if she can have been thinking of therapy or what, but she sent me out to get the mac. Then she wanted to see what I looked like in it and I had to put it on in front of the whole class. She made me sit on a chair facing the class, and the bright spark who had found me had to go and say, "Please Miss, he had the hood up too."

So there I was in a girl's mackintosh with the hood up, the buttons and belt fastened, my hands in the pockets, and the whole class laughing their heads off at me. And all that is without a word of a lie.

Whether the teacher was trying to cure me of something or not, she didn't. I was very interested in my grandmother's clothes because I considered them very feminine. Her blouses, skirts and dresses and her long directoire knickers. I remember one blouse of hers that I put on many times when opportunity offered — it was short-sleeved, in narrow brown and white stripes, with brown buttons and a neat pointed collar. I enjoyed many a boyish erection lying on the bed in this blouse and also in one of her long pleated grey skirts.

As a youth, my fantasies in bed before going to sleep were the same, night after night with me being imprisoned by some woman of my acquaintance and forced to wear several blouses and skirts and to have all kinds of restricting garments buttoned down my legs and collars buttoned up over my face. For example, I got much enjoyment from imagining myself being dressed in skirts and fastened in a pram. I would have been dressed in several blouses with the collars turned up around my neck and face,, looking, I suppose, something like a nun and then I would be wheeled to the shops and admired in my humiliation by all the passers-by. All this was in my mind years before I read any sex magazines; it just came naturally to me and of course I was full of guilty feelings, thinking I was abnormal. Sexual fantasies are one of the things people hardly ever speak about, even though many people would find them very

interesting. This is why RELATE and the Open Arena are so useful as a means of exchanging pleasures.

As I grew up, opportunities of putting on all sorts of female clothes never ceased to come my way and occasionally I have managed to spend whole afternoons dressed as a woman, down to stockings, gloves and headscarf.

I think there must be other readers who would like to see photos of women fully clothed, but in an erotic way and perhaps in interesting positions. (I leave this to your professional imagination.) What I like are blouses in silken or satin material with wide or stiffened fairly upright collars and long puffed sleeves gathered to a buttoned cuff. Skirts can be full or tight — a skirt is a skirt and thoroughly feminine and therefore perhaps more interesting to us men than knickers even. Really feminine dresses, buttoned right through, and perhaps with the skirt held up in front to reveal what lies underneath, are exciting too.

Yours,
J.R., France.

Voyeur's rostrum Appreciated

Dear ACCORD,

Congratulations on your voyeur section, one of the most enjoyable things in ACCORD. My ideal in this line would be a "lady-like" lady in her thirties, fully dressed but showing off her suspenders and knickers by some accident or because she thinks no-one can see her. (If she is to lose her dignity, she might as well have a lot of dignity to lose!) This could only be improved if she was also tied up

. A regular bondage feature would be great, if it was only a strip cartoon with a heroine always getting tied up.

Anyway, please carry on with the voyeur stuff, but with stockings and not horrible tights.

Yours,
G. W., London

Dunking, drenching delights

Dear Editor,

Congratulations to reader M.R. of Yorks for his letter on the "intoxication of wet clothing" in SEARCH SPECIAL Vol. 2 No. 6 in which he described so graphically his thrilling wetting session with his girlfriend. What a delightful damp day they had together and thanks to your picture Editor for illustrating it with the photo of the lovely dark haired beauty, fully dressed, drenching her blouse and her skirt under a shower and showing off her beautiful breasts through the thin sodden material. I feel, Mr. Editor, that this is only one shot of many of this lady getting her clothes really wet you must have in your files. Please do all your many dunking fans a favour and print the rest of them. Or get your cameraman to take some of her emerging from the shower or climbing out of the bath after a fully clothed drenching session.

Your regular readers will remember from my two previous letters you printed, the lily pond that was the scene of some exciting mudlarking and dunking activities at our friend, Jill's country cottage on the Essex coast. Being such a devotee of dunk-

THE NEW
SEARCH
ADULT READING FOR ADAM AND EVE TOGETHER
EXCITING FEATURES INCLUDING:
THE RUBBER SPECTRUM
MISTRESS IN MY OWN HOME
MAGIC OF SUSPENDERS
PAGES AND PAGES OF READERS LETTERS
READING THE EXPERIENCES OF OTHER MEN AND WOMEN CAN BE AN AROUSING INVOLVEMENT
WE ASK NEWSAGENTS TO HELP US PREVENT THE SALE OF THIS PUBLICATION TO MINORS

To complete your reading pleasure

The many facets of behaviour appertaining to the human sex drive are presented in informative and entertaining fashion together with exciting photographs and drawings to delight and amuse you in our sister magazines SEARCH and SPECIAL SEARCH.

SEARCH PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

Great new features including

Magic of Suspenders

The Rubber Spectrum

and

Mistress in my own Home

THE NEW
SPECIAL 6
50p
SEARCH
19 PAGES OF READERS LETTERS ON ALL ASPECTS OF SEXUALITY
DOES LEATHER TURN YOU ON? A HUSBAND AND WIFE REVEAL TRUE EXPERIENCES OF THE LEATHER SCENE
PHOTOGRAPHS DRAWINGS FEATURES FOR THE DISCERNING ADULT
SPECIAL 'CONFESSIONS' SERIES "MY HUSBAND—MY DISCIPLINARIAN"
WE ASK NEWSAGENTS TO HELP US PREVENT THE SALE OF THIS PUBLICATION TO MINORS

SPECIAL SEARCH PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER MONTH

ALL AT 50p PER COPY

Or take advantage of the coupon on the back cover and save time, trouble and money

Don't miss

"Does Leather Turn YOU On"

"The Incredible Encounter"

and

"My Husband – My Disciplinarian"

ing and drenching, Jill has had the pond made into a small swimming pool complete with diving board and water chute. She, of course, invited my fun loving wife, Wendy and myself down for a weekend to "open" it during the summer. We arrived on the Saturday afternoon to find our lucky friend Jill suitably dressed for the occasion, wearing a long sleeved white nylon blouse and a knee length black silk skirt. The skirt was very full and Jill twirled round for us so that it spun out to reveal that she was wearing long nylon stockings tautly held up to her creamy thighs with dainty black suspenders and with it she had on a thrilling pair of white satin French knickers. Her little bra was of the same sexy material and colour as her pants. To complete her outfit her feet were encased in a superb pair of high heeled white kid court shoes. She looked ravishing.

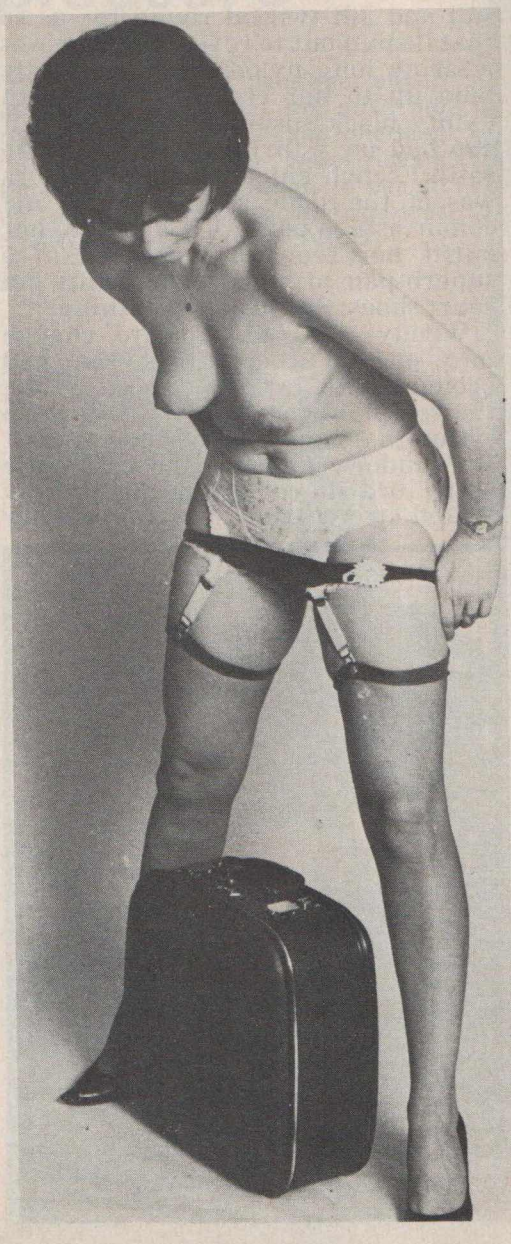
Wendy went upstairs to change into one of the outfits she had brought with her. She chose a long sleeved plain pale blue dress in crisp cotton that zipped all down the front. Her underwear consisted of a little wispy bra in red satin that hardly looked strong enough to contain her

firm round breasts. Her lovely curvy bottom was moulded in a little pair of French knickers in the same thin red satin. She too wore a suspender belt (no horrid tights for these two fun girls) to hold up her sheer nylon stockings that were a glamorous black. Her feet were shod in a beautiful pair of high heeled court shoes in black patent leather.

As it was a hot day and a special occasion, we celebrated with a bottle of champagne in the lounge which put us in a merry mood before we started our watery frolics. As we neared the edge of the pool, Wendy said to Jill, "How shall we start our first wetting party to christen your new pool? Shall we just jump in fully clothed or shall we dive in or let David push us in?" I could tell she was excited at the prospect of any one of these ideas and so was Jill too. But she said, "Let's just walk slowly down the steps so that we can gradually feel the water creeping up and soaking our shoes, stockings and skirts."

Cont. on page 46

A Lovely Lass Preparing To Go Away On Holiday



Cont. from page 43

The pool was only three feet deep at the shallow end and had steps the full width leading down into the water. And without more ado Jill and Wendy deliberately walked down on to the first step soaking their lovely shoes and feet up to their ankles. Another step and the water was just above their nylon covered knees and beginning to soak the bottom of their skirts. "Come on Wendy," said Jill excitedly, "one more step down and we're in." Together they slowly took the final step down into the pool. They both gasped with excitement as they thrilled to the feel of the water creeping up their thighs until it completely soaked their skirts, knickers and suspenders. They just stood with the water up to their waists for a moment revelling in the sensation of wetting their clothing. Then they waded through the water laughing and giggling, getting drenched up to their lovely breasts, till they got to the other side of the pool, climbed out up the steps and stood dripping wet from the waist down, skirts, stockings and shoes glistening and clinging to their bodies. They looked so sexy and exciting in their drenched clothes I could feel the bulge in my slacks getting bigger — and the two girls obviously noticed it too. Jill said, "It is time for you to cool off I can see, David, so in you go." And she gave me a push and in I went, shirt, slacks, shoes and all. As I came to the surface spluttering, the two girls were laughing their heads off. They gave me their hands to pull me out but I tugged at them and they both fell head first into the water with a mighty splash. I jumped in again and we had a free for all until we were all completely drenched. Wendy said, "Watch me stand on my hands," and as her head went under she shot her legs and feet up in the air and I was treated to a marvellous view of sopping wet shoes, stockings and knickers. Then Jill said, "Give me a ride on your shoulders, David." I knelt down in the shallow water while Jill put her gorgeous long wet nylon covered legs round my neck and lifting her clinging wet skirts, dropped it over my face. Over and under we both went. Then she said, "Let's go down the water chute next." As she started to climb out I grabbed at her skirt, the fastening gave way and off it came in my hands. She clambered out looking ravishing just in her transparent nylon blouse, soaking wet satin knickers clinging to her voluptuous bottom, suspenders in full view and stockings and shoes. Wendy, not to be outdone, unzipped her wet dress, peeled it off and stood on the side looking equally ravishing in her wet satin bra and knickers. hair straggling down her face and back and the water dripping down her lovely nylon clad legs in to her high-heeled shoes.

We continued with our watery frolics for another half hour, sliding down the chute, jumping in and diving off the board, dunking each other until we were just about waterlogged. Finally we squelched our way back to the cottage and another bottle of champers. We all voted Jill's pool a splashing success. We are planning to

have a 1920s-style wetting party next time. The thought of those gorgeous girls in soaking wet directoire knickers clinging to their thighs and bottom really turns me on.

Let us know if you would like to hear about it.

Your dripping wet fans,
Mr. and Mrs. D.M., Essex.

Photo enclosed as proof

Dear Mr. Reynolds,

I have only recently started to get your magazine and although I was a bit surprised at first at some of the letters, I do see now that you are truly trying to liberate people from their sex hang-ups. I thought a lot about writing to you but I see that what we say could help others — so here goes.

My first wife truly hated sex so we rarely had any, only plenty of rows. Then I met this wonderful girl (who is now my wife) and she is just the opposite. She is completely uninhibited and made sex a revelation for me. We are a little different from many couples because although most of our lovemaking is in, or on the bed, she especially likes to be made love to out of doors. It all began because my hobby is fishing and when we first started going out together she got interested too. But not all the time was spent fishing. It was funny, but we both found we enjoyed intercourse in a quiet spot near the river. She loves to get me roused and then fellate me before penetration. Another thing is that she loves rain storms and I have read somewhere that thunderstorms can make women sexy. It certainly seems true. We had a storm one night not long ago and nothing suited her but we should go and make love in the garden on the lawn. Do you know, she enjoyed it enormously. Lucky it was pitch dark or I don't know what the neighbours would have said!

My wife noticed a picture in the last QUARTERLY SEARCH of a lady dressed in raincoat and rubber boots and several letters and articles have described this rubber fetishism. Well, we dress in rubber — trousers, raincoats, thigh waders and souwesters for fishing and with her love of outdoor love making it seems the only practical way to dress for it. I don't think that we could be called fetishists, if that is the word, because our way of dressing not instead of intercourse, it is to make it easier to keep dry.

We can understand why people do see rubber as sexy though for my wife says there is something very exciting about the smell and the rustling and the creaking the boots and rubber make as we are coming to a climax. She has got fascinated at seeing me donning my fishing trousers and pulling on the thigh waders which she likes to fasten. She loves getting dressed even if it is not raining and she likes wading. She thinks water is sexy! So we keep raincoats and boots etc. handy now for when the mood takes her and I drive her in our van to a quiet spot beside our fishing lake where we dress and then wade out to a little wooded island where we know we will not be disturbed. With her knack of fellation we can manage twice at a session and she likes it best if we can

lie down under the trees. Very often we go afterwards to a fishing pub for a drink and nobody thinks that in our garb we have been doing anything but fishing. If they only knew we had been doing anything but fishing. If they only knew we had been having much more fun with a different type of rod.

My wife is very keen for me to say that more women should make love with their husbands in the open air — choosing a secluded spot of course. She finds it wildly invigorating although I must be honest and say I get the most pleasure making love to her naked on the bed. But as you point out, loving and sex is a business of sharing and catering for each others needs so I am only too happy when I see that look in her eyes and see her looking at the raincoats hanging up behind the door.

Enclosed is a picture — not very good because we had to borrow an old camera with a delayed action device — but we both thought we should send some kind of proof that what we say is true. You see we think some of your letters are invented by frustrated readers who like to fantasise, which is rather sad, but the picture proves that ours is a **True Love** interest.

Yours faithfully,
A. and J., Sussex.

An easy going husband

Dear Editor,

I must say how much I enjoy your excellent publication, SEARCH. It is a great source of pleasure to me and since in Vol. 3 No. 7 a lady, Mrs. J.C., says there are not enough letters from the girls, I decided to reply with some of my own experiences.

I work in a small engineering factory in the office as a clerk and each evening I wait for a bus at the same stop and there is always the same chap waiting for the same bus and we talk. Recently he asked me to go out with him. I declined and told him I was married, anyway I had never gone out with a coloured chap before but I have often throught I would like to go. When I arrived home and was having tea with my husband, I mentioned it to him and he said what a wonderful idea and when I saw this chap again I was to accept with my husband's approval. You see my husband is very easy going with me as regards sex, infact he gets a real kick out of seeing me talk to other men when we go out in the evening.

The next day when I met my friend at the bus stop and he again asked me to go out with him, I said, "Well how about tonight at my place, my husband will enjoy it no end." He looked at me for a minute and then said, "Well if you are sure it is OK with your husband, I'll be along about 8.00."

That night I had a marvellous time with my coloured friend who seemed to be able to go on forever. My husband was watching the whole time dressed in my panties, stockings and suspender belt. This is something he does a lot and I love to watch him and the more I talk to and go out with other men the more he dresses up. When I come home and get into bed with him after being out late with someone, the first thing he says is, "Did you have it?", and I always say yes, in the back of a car or somewhere. Then he asks, "Have you washed?" and I reply no. He starts to masturbate while I tell him what the other chap was like and how many times, etc.

Well, I must close now. I do enjoy your magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. J.W., Salop.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO ACCORD YET

Lesbianism in

Accord

by: Lorna Wilson

I was *born* lesbian. I had to *learn* the art of writing. Since I am both a writer and a lesbian I have received hundreds of letters from lesbians and also from those who denounce my friends and myself for being what we were born. Make no mistakes about it, nobody asks to be born, nobody can choose whether to be beautiful or plain or down-right ugly. It is all in the luck of the draw. Since men frequently ask to take me out there must be something about me that attracts men but I am not attracted sexually by them. Men interest me, I respect and admire some of them, just as I dislike some of them, but that goes for members of my own sex as well. I don't like *all* women. The fact that I did well at school, and later at University, means that I am not without some degree of intelligence. There is no virtue in having intelligence, you are born with it, just as you are born beautiful, average or plain. There is virtue in accepting that you have an innate intelligence and working hard to ensure that you put it to good use and that you are not going to waste it. The inability to pass examinations after working very hard is heart-breaking, especially when another person doesn't have to work just because she happens to have a good memory or an innate ability to put on paper what she has read.

The same thing is true about being lesbian — you are born with it and it is stupid to either reject it (something you cannot do) or to refuse to make the best of it. Some would say that to give way to your feelings by indulging them is morally wrong. I just don't see it. There are those who preach the gospel of rejection. To want to *love* is sinful and that is that. *Love* to me is never wrong, to say that it is, is a contradiction in terms. Love is the noblest of all the passions and all the emotions. We all love something or some one. People love money, or property, or fur coats, or power — there is no end to what you love. I just happen to love other women and I can no more reject the fact than I can refuse to eat or work or anything else.

I am only one of thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands of women who need to feel wanted by members of their own sex. If it is wrong then the culprit is Nature or God if you believe that he created you. The fault is in our genes not in ourselves (I hope Shakespeare forgives me). I had to learn to type and to write but how I write is dependent on so many factors, many of which are entirely outside my control. If I hadn't been to school and if I hadn't had the opportunity to read books but had been brought up somewhere deep in the forests of New Guinea I wouldn't be able to type this but, given the same genetic combinations at birth, I would still be lesbian. So, as far as I am concerned, I am what I am, and my girl friend is what she is because that is how we were born. We were both born 'bent' as far as other people are concerned, and so since we were born that way we choose to live that way.

You can't convince people who refuse to see your point of view if they are prejudiced against you. I hope you are not prejudiced, what I do know is that there will be hundreds of women reading this who will not be agreeing with me simply because reason tells them so, but because their emotions tell them so. For some reason which they do not understand they find themselves falling passionately in love with another woman.

I wrote a few lines further up that you can't reject yourself, I firmly believe this, what you can do is to repress yourself. You can deliberately refuse to face the truth and to do this means that you will never cease to be miserable. Repression leads to depression, and depression to despair.

Because I write about lesbianism I receive letters from women who are in the very depths of despair because they lack the one vital thing that they need — *love*. It is to such women that I am writing this. The questions I am most frequently asked are: "How do I recognise another lesbian?" and "How can I meet a lesbian?". It is odd that I am

never asked about lesbian techniques. Any heterosexual couple will tell you that they don't really need to be told about how to make love — the biggest problem seems to be how *not to do so*. Of course, like everything else the more sex you get the better you get at it. I am quite sure that a man who marries a woman who is a widow and whose first husband was good in bed will find a sexually mature wife much more satisfactory than he would a virgin. I've never been able to really understand all this fuss about the bride being a virgin — it all seems to me to be based on the idea that it is important to be first. Perhaps it has something to do with a man's ego.

I was never worried about being second or third when I met a woman that I liked the look of, I was just glad that she liked me enough to want me.

Now let me examine the two questions that I have told you I am mostly asked. I am writing from my experience now and not from books read about the subject and written by people who are heterosexual and try to make the lesbian fit into their world.

''How do I recognise another lesbian?'' The truth sounds odd, I just seem to know. It isn't much of an answer but it is really the only answer. It doesn't mean that I fall in love with a woman and she with me. It isn't that easy. Not even in the heterosexual world is all love reciprocated. Unrequited love is very common, the difference, of course, is that a woman is flattered if a man makes an approach to her and doesn't think it an insult. If she is heterosexual and is approached by a woman she might go right off the deep end. It is this that makes a lesbian ask this question about recognition. Since I am a writer I am in a sort of privileged position — I get proposals from women who have never met me, they have only read what I have written and said to themselves, 'that's the girl for me'.

It hasn't always been like that because there was a time when if I wrote this it would never be printed — I had to find my woman. I was lucky in that a woman found me first and she taught me what to do if I fell in love. She chatted me up. That is the most important thing. You just can't go up to a woman and ask her whether she is lesbian. You can however tell her that you like her hat and that may lead to liking her bra and from there it may lead to everything or nothing.

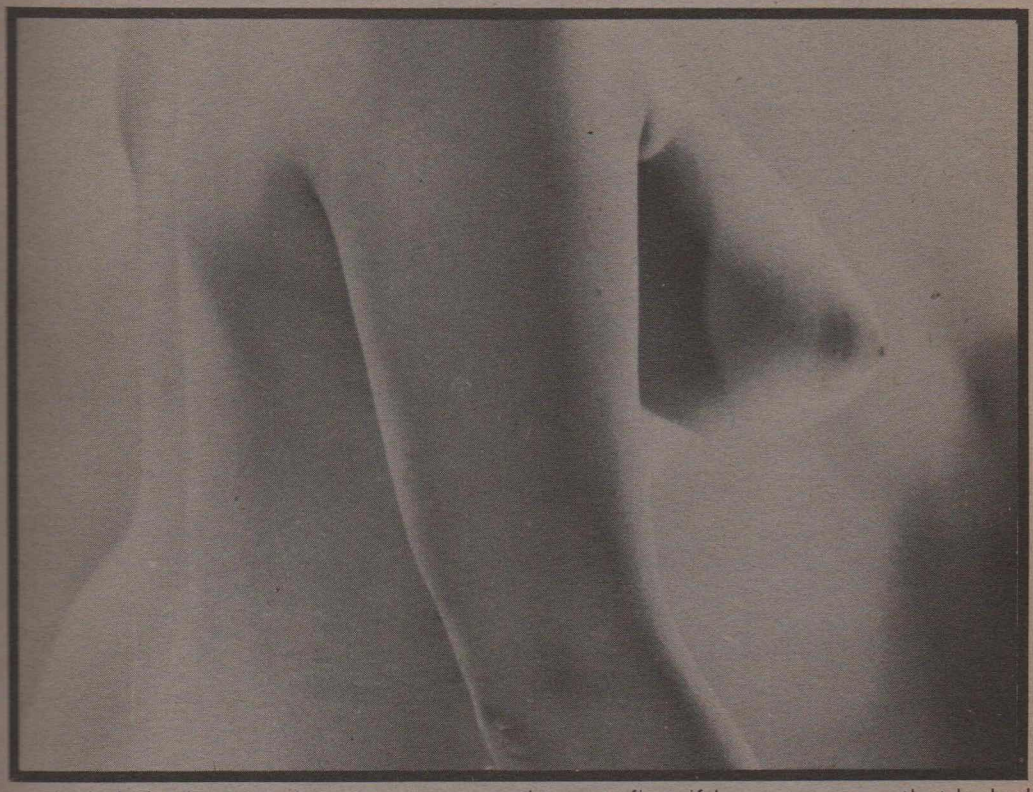
One of my early lovers was a District Nurse who gave me a lift when I was stranded in the snow. I started by telling her I liked her car and she invited me to her cottage to have a warm drink. There I told her I liked her bar and she progressed from her bar to my bra. We couldn't empty her bar but it wasn't long before both bras were empty and we were in bed. It didn't take us long to find each other but we were diplomatic about it. I admit I thought she was lesbian from the moment I got settled in the car because she kept putting her hand on my knee to assure me that even if she had to drive me home she wouldn't see me out in the snow.

There is some sort of idea abroad that a pretty young woman will see a woman dressed like a man and acting like a man and it starts from there. Or some masculine looking woman will dominate a 'poor, defenceless, little, immature girl whom she leads on the road to ruin'. Those of us who are lesbian know that it isn't like this at all — this is a *caricature of lesbianism*. If such were the case there would be no problem but most lesbians, myself included, dislike women who are not feminine. What we want and fall in love with is femininity. We want another woman not another man — we worship what we have in ourselves. This is what we are looking for all the time.

Some of what I have already written is controversial but what I am going to write now will be even more so. If you are lesbian and lonely be brave and find yourself a friend. One way is to dress as well as you are able, wear something with a good cleavage and go to a good hotel. Don't think, as some people do, that lesbians haunt 'shady joints'. If you

see another woman sitting alone and she is goodlooking then try giving her a hard eye. If she is in the slightest interested she will return the look. If she freezes on you then you can forget her. If she looks at you as she gets up and goes either out, or to another room, you can bet your life that you have made a hit. If she smiles at you then I needn't say any more. Don't be afraid to look and admire, let it show in your eyes — it is a way of life.

This is going to make some hairs bristle. I firmly believe that almost all true lesbians are big bosomed. I'm sure it is true of bisexuals. I have never known a bisexual who isn't over-ripe in the bosom. I've settled down now but when I was looking for a partner,



particularly in the years between twenty and twenty-five, if I saw a woman that looked full bosomed — 40 plus — I gave her the eye and if often worked. I didn't give a flat-chested woman a second look. Of course so called authorities will say, "You liked big bosomed women and it followed from there". Authorities can say what they like but it worked for me. Lesbians are very breast conscious and psychologists and some doctors account for this by saying that *'lesbians are breast conscious because they have a close, idealistic relationship with their mothers — mentally they have never left their mother's breasts'*.

And a male writer and doctor, Anthony Storr states *"many of the women involved are really seeking a substitute mother upon whom they can lean with child-like dependence, and turn to other women as a reaction against total identification with their mother"*.

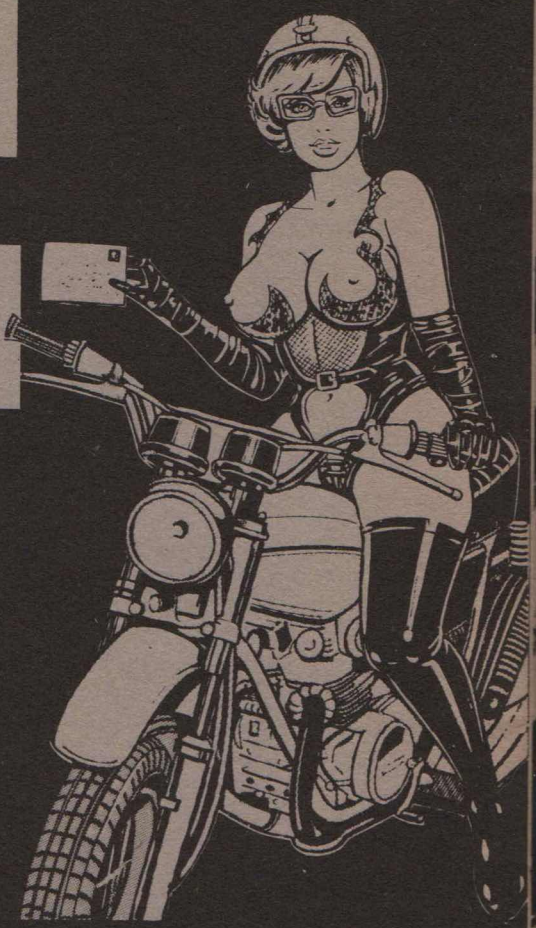
This substitute mother provides a breast dependence. I don't accept this idea of a substitute mother but psychologists go out of their way to try and find a reason why lesbians find such breast fascination between two women. I find the answer relatively easy. I think the breasts of a mature woman very beautiful — I love them because they are beautiful and because they play such a vital role in love-making. Lesbians are not promiscuous (well, not any more than males) but in a life-time one makes many friends and will have many affairs. I think this to be normal. Two things I know from experience, big bosomed women make the best lovers and if a woman has very large nipples she is hyper-sexed. There are exceptions to every rule but I believe, and who can prove me

THE NEW

RELATE

THE ONLY FULLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF CORRESPONDENCE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY

WRITTEN BY READERS SUBMITTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF WIVES OR GIRL FRIENDS



IN EVERY ISSUE
THE RELATE RUBBER REVIEW AND SPANKING AND SLAPPING SYNOD

STILL ONLY 50p MONTHLY

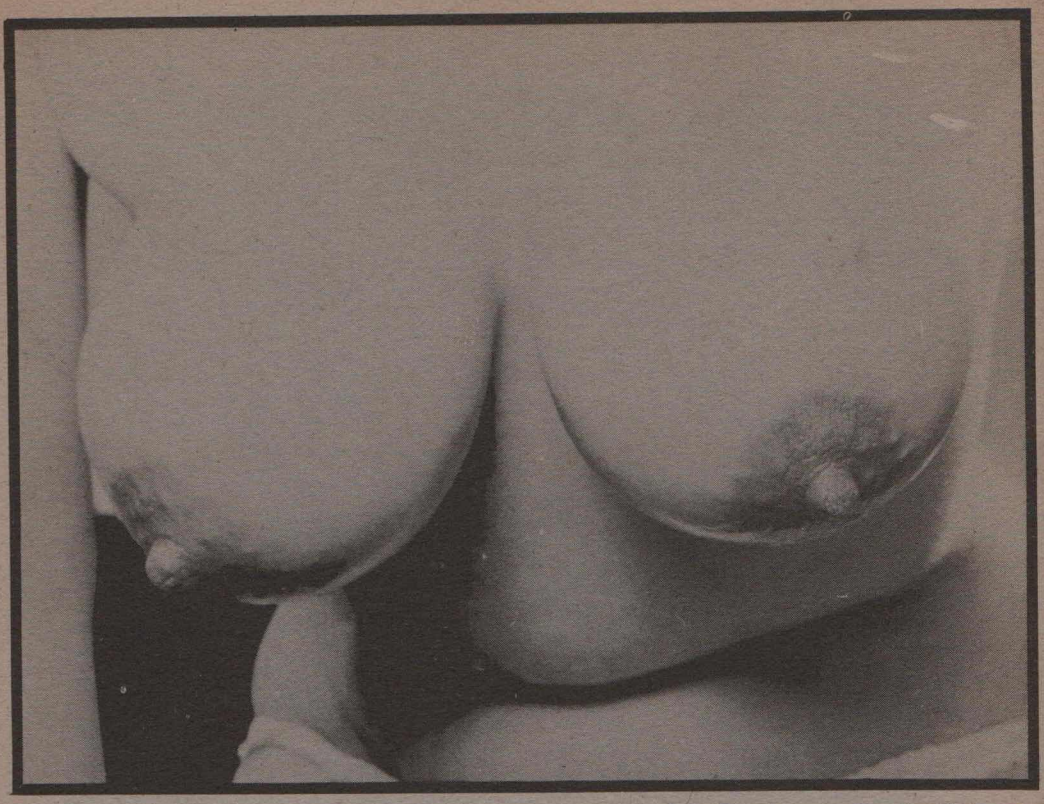
Or save £1.50 by using the coupon on back cover

wrong, that there is some connection between over-developed nipples and sexuality.

The first bisexual woman I ever 'clicked' which whispered in my ear, as an inducement to sleep with her, *'I've got nipples as big as your thumb''*. As big as your thumb doesn't sound romantic, it wasn't meant to be, it was a statement of fact — she knew from her experience that big nipples had a tale to tell and the tale was — ''I'm sexy''. She was too. The sexual erogenous zones are so inter-related that I can't see why this should be questioned. Neither do I believe that this peculiarity, if peculiarity it is, is confined to our own race. Some two years ago I was asked by my editor to go to London to see a woman who had written to him asking for information about myself. It was an unusual letter and he thought it worth sending me to London. I wrote asking the lady to meet me in the foyer of a certain well known London Hotel in the West End and she wrote back asking me to make it another hotel and that she would contact me. I agreed to meet Peggy Stevens and went to the hotel and booked in. I was due to meet Miss Stevens at 6 p.m. and at about 4.30 p.m. I rang and asked for tea to be sent up to my room. It was brought to me by a coloured girl.Just before 6 p.m. there was a knock on my door and there was the maid, she had come to turn my bed. Then she turned to me and said, ''I am Peggy Stevens''. It was the coloured girl who had brought me my tea. I looked at her, really looked at her, for the first time. I suppose it was the very English name that had misled me. She was very attractive, with an unblemished face of black ebony. She was from Jamaica. One forgets that Jamaica is in the West Indies and that English names are very common there.

We talked and she was very forthright. I liked her. Her hips were too broad compared with her bust so her figure, it was obvious, could not be ideal. Then her mission school training became clear, she used a word that I had never heard a woman use before. ''I have nice big paps.'' Paps is a common Biblical term but women rarely use it. She was desperate for a woman but above all she wanted a white woman. I had never had sex with a coloured girl but I instinctively liked Peggy. Without asking she loosened her blouse and revealed her breasts, as she did so she said, *''I know that women who like women like big paps''*. It was the first time I had ever seen the body of a coloured woman. Her body glowed, it shone with all the sheen of pure anthracite but it was the paps that mesmerised and bedazzled me. The unusual thing was that her breasts were by no means over-developed — they were a modest thirty-six but the aureole was unusually large and protruding, darker even than that of the breast and then crowned with nipples of deepest damson, with a pitted centre of fiery claret.

I think we were both excited by the freshness of it all — I had never seen a naked coloured woman and she had never seen the breasts of a white woman completely bared. I suddenly realised that black was really beautiful and, if she was to be believed, and I believed her, she thought that white was desirable. We were in immediate accord and I completely forgot the actual purpose of my assignment. There were three things that we had in common, mutual respect, mutual understanding and a belief that the way to a woman's heart can be on a big nipple. I asked her about her like and her opinions about sex. She had married because it was an economic necessity but had obtained a divorce later and now lived alone, except for the occasional visit of a girl friend with whom she made love. Like herself her girl friend was also, as she put it, 'with very big paps and was a good friend and lover but she was married but bisexual. I do not think there is any scientifically proven basis for her belief that the nipples are enlarged by continual sucking by another female.However, the next day we all three met and Peggy's



friend showed me how she sucked her own nipples and she was sure that by doing so she enlarged them. Both were also convinced that small nipples meant that you were under-sexed.

Both women have now passed out of my life but I frequently think about them and, the more I think about them, the more I become convinced that there is a very close connection between sexual emotions and the texture, malleability, flexibility and more especially the size of the nipple.

If you disagree violently with what I write then I suggest that you read BREAST AND BUTTOCK FETISHISM by Anton Viney. I do not agree with everything in this book but the author has done a great deal of research and deserves to be taken seriously. On page 62 of his book he comments on the texture, hue and development of the aureole and nipples. Unfortunately it is not possible to quote at length but his thesis is that the female is, what he calls, *unduly* attracted to her breasts when she has "large and exciting nipple development". Such nipples he suggests are "orgasm-producing" and goes on to say that "not all nipples are orgasm-producing" (at first) but that if there is sufficient manual manipulation (and conceivably sucking) over a period, nipples are made more sensitive and developed by friction and titillation and become orgasm-producing."

Viney is writing mainly as a result of research and not it would seem from experience, by which I mean personal association with big nippled women, but I am writing from personal contact with women whose nipples I have seen and helped to draw and thereby to watch enlarge, not temporarily during a love-making session, but over a period of time.

I can tell a lesbian the moment my lips touch her nipples. If a woman is so hetero that the touch of a female hand or a female finger doesn't bring nipple response then I know that she is merely out for kicks, she simply wants to say "I 'worked' a lesbian". I can't understand this feminine curiosity but perhaps you can. I believe that the only natural love and the only satisfying love is a love that is in *accord* — if there is *accord* then everything goes.

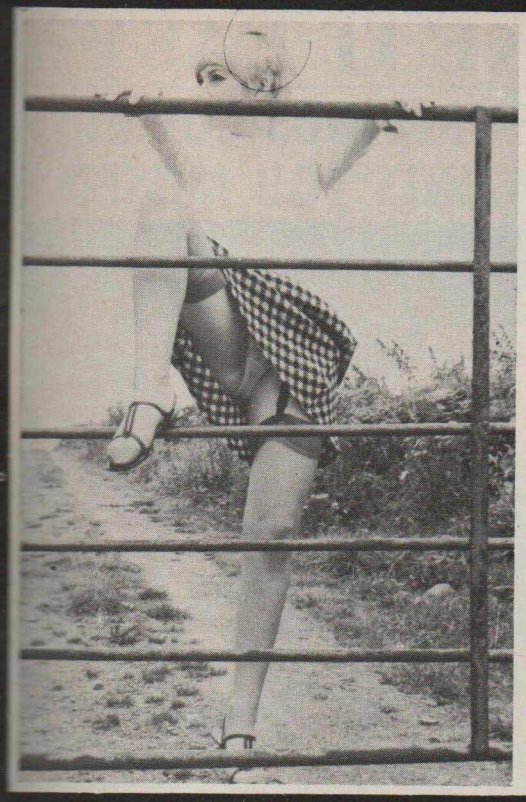
THERE IS A LITTLE OF THE **VOYEUR** IN EVERY MAN.
WHAT SETS THE HEART POUNDING MORE THAN
THE TANTALISING GLIMPSE THE EYE BEHOLDS ?

IS THERE ANYTHING TO COMPARE WITH
THE THRILL OF THE VISIONS CONJURED WITHIN
THE IMAGINATION BY THE HIDDEN MYSTERIES ?

VOYEURS ROSTRUM

YONKERS

MODERN



VOYEURS

ROSTRUM

ENJOY MORE EXCITING VIEWING IN

VOYEURS OSTRUM

NEXT MONTH

Great News For Our Readers

★ ★ ★ ★

AVAILABLE SOON:

THE RELATE RUBBER & LEATHER HANDBOOK

MORE DETAILS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE

DRAWINGS...

PHOTOGRAPHS...

EXPERIENCES

LETTERS AND PICTURES FROM READERS

Dont Miss A Single Issue

SEARCH, RELATE and ACCORD published monthly.
SPECIAL SEARCH published every other month.

ALL at 50p per copy

OR

HERE IS THE 'TROUBLE-SAVER-MONEY-SAVER' SUBSCRIPTION COUPON TO ENSURE YOUR READING AND VIEWING PLEASURE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

To S.R.A. Publications, Fontenay House, 11a Creek Road, East Molesey, Surrey KT8 9BE.

SEARCH each month for one year Saves you £1.50	☐	£4.50	Commencing with Vol	No
RELATE each month for one year Saves you £1.50	☐	£4.50	Commencing with Vol	No
SPECIAL SEARCH 6 issues Saves you £1.00	☐	£2.00	Commencing with Vol	No
ACCORD each month for one year Saves you £1.50	☐	£4.50	Commencing with Vol	No

I enclose my remittance of £ to cover my order indicated on this coupon.

NAME

ADDRESS

I am over 18 years of age

Published by S.R.A. Publications, Fontenay House, 11a Creek Road, East Molesey, Surrey, KT8 9BE.
Printed by Waterloo Web Litho Ltd., London S.E.1.